11633 df 20

POEMS

On Several

OCCASIONS.

Humbly DEDICATED *to the Right Honourable the Marchioness of* TAVESTOCK.

By the AUTHOR.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Chandler*, at the *Peacock* in the *Poultry*; and *William Davis*, at the *Bull* over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1699.

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TO THE READER.

IF *every Writer of Verſe were to account for his Publications of that kind, I doubt the World would be troubled with worſe* Apologies *than* Poems, *and* Poets *more unaccountable than either.*

They tell us, however, That the Common Deſign of their Poetry is to pleaſe, *but whether That* Deſign *be upon themſelves or their Readers, is generally queſtionable; but for my Own part, my Intention* herein *is only to pleaſe my ſelf, and that, not with a* Satisfaction *reſulting from Applauſe, nor with a Fond Conceit that there is any thing wonderful to be met with among the following Performances; but meerly at the having got rid of a parcel of Thoughts, which for ſome time have play'd with my Mind, and made it uſeleſs to me. So that I am under no manner of Concern about the Succeſs of the* Verſes, *nor harbour the leaſt fear of thoſe Half-witted People call'd Criticks, (who have Senſe enough to find fault, but not to mend) for having obtain'd my End already, I care not to what End they apply* Them.

To

To the Ingenious Author of the following Poems.

MOST Men vaſt Riches wou'd from *Plutus* (hold,
Ev'n bend beneath the weight of pond'rous Gold:
Hence they the Muſes hate, and Verſe ſublime,
Love the *Three* Siſters better than the *Nine*:
But you (like *Phœbus* Conqu'ring Beams) my (Friend,
Drive thoſe dull Vapours from your Heav'nly (Mind:
(Like Smoak before the Wind) they fly away;
No miſty Garments hide the lovely Day:
At once you tread ſecure, and ſoar on high,
And cut with equal Wing the yielding Sky,
Sure, when *Lucina* aided at thy Birth,
Some vig'rous Planet influenc'd the Earth:
With darted Rays (like Lightning from the Pole)
Stamping Cœleſtial Impreſs on thy Soul:
Or elſe the God of Poets did inſpire,
And warm thy Breaſt with quick and active Fire.
If Man Ingrateful will not ſound your Fame,
Nor give due Praiſe to thy deſerving Name:
To your beloved Shades, and Streams, go on,
And Wave ſhall puſh on Wave to hear thy Song.

E. P.

To

To the Author of the following Poems.

ADventrous Youth, that in an Age call'd *Wiſe*,
Suffer'ſt thy Thoughts to wander in Diſguiſe.
Think'ſt thou the Criticks will not find thee out,
And pay thee for thy Senſe, they will, no doubt.
Thoſe Men of *Numbers*, whoſe o're-haſty *Feet*
Outrun the ſlow Advances of their Wit;
Will, to beſure, ſuch *Innovators* curſe,
As honour Reaſon with the Garb of Verſe.
Go Criminal *Poet*, write *thine* o'er agen,
Of each Subſtantial Line, at leaſt, make Ten:
Why, thou art neither Pious, nor Prophane,
But doſt alike from Church and Plays abſtain;
Elſe *They* had taught thee how to draw thy Thread,
And write till thou hadſt writ thy Subjects dead:
Who make whole Volumes of one Thought, and (ſpin
Texts, till they make a Cobweb of a Sin:
Thy Book had then been faſhionably thick,
But thou canſt not ſo much as Rythm to *Trick*.

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POEMS

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

The Muſe.

WEre I to write, no *Patroneſs* I'd chuſe
To guide my Fancy, or bright Thoughts infuſe,
But *Sylvia*, the Fair Seat of every Muſe.
Hail happy Reſidents, bleſt Muſes *there*,
You ſpeak not *Words*, but by her Meen and Air
Unutterable *Thoughts* convey.
Your Language every Feature does diſplay:

Whoſe eaſie Tincture can our Paſſions move,
And in *true* Scenes preſent *exiſting* Love.
Like Gods ye Language *Act*, and Speak by *Things*,
And from each varying Thought freſh Beauty ſprings.
O ye Poetick Powers! Conſent at leaſt,
Since She, your *Pantheon* is, to make me Prieſt.
But if that Boon be ev'n for Gods too great
To give, or humble Mortals to intreat,
O then revoke, revoke your Sacred Flame,
And place *it* on the Altar whence it came,
E're it to bolder Numbers does Aſpire,
Or touch the ſlackeſt String, or whiſper on the Lyre:
For ever, ever, let me ſilent lye,
Nor dare to breathe a Thought, nor dare to cloath a Sigh,
Leſt the created Sounds Revolters prove,
And when I'd Sing a *Hero*, Melt to *Love*.

A Pen, to Sylvia.

GO take thy pleaſant Office, happy *Pen*,
In her Fair Hand, but don't forget me then.
Thou know'ſt I took thee from the lab'ring Wing,
Op'd thy dumb Mouth, and made thee apt to Sing;
And how thy firſt form'd Word was *Sylvia*'s Name,
And that by *impulſe* taught, and not of Fame,
Her many Virtues flow'd in ready Verſe.
Go, and *thy* early Prophecies rehearſe,
How oft thy lucky fluence ty'd us faſt,
In knotted Cyphers that muſt ever laſt:
Then if ſhe Bluſhes, catch the riſing Thought,
And ſuperſcribe it mine, and ſend it hot.
Swerve her ſtrict Hand to write each yielding thing,
And then once more aſſume thy Native Wing,
And ſwift her very long delayed Promiſe bring.

To Sylvia, *with her Mask on.*

SO does the Sun, when Clouds confine his Beams,
Pour down his Light in ſuch reſiſtleſs Streams.
That Sable Vizor hides indeed your Face,
But the great *Shine* collects into a place,
And at your *Eyes* darts forth with burning Rays:
Haſt'n and take *it* off, thou *kind* Deſtroyer,
Ay, tho' thou know'ſt thy ſelf the *Killing* Fair,
Murder downright is better than *Manſlayer.*

Ineffectual.

Ineffectual.

IN vain thou flyeſt to Fields and Bowers,
And Solemn Haunts in Solemn Hours;
In vain thou there doſt *Sylvia* meet,
And pour'ſt out Numbers at her Feet;
Haſty Numbers, ſhort, and broke
To pieces by the Wind, when ſpoke:
E're they arrive her heedleſs Ear,
The Argument does diſappear,
And only leaves the *Cadence* there.
Ah! gentle Eccho of my Mind,
If thou canſt admittance find,
Make your Languiſhing Report
To her Heart, 'tis that I Court.

Gently breathe in it your Sighs,
Swell it till you make it riſe,
And heave Compaſſion to her Eyes.

To Sylvia, *after her Recovery from a Dangerous* Sickneſs.

AH! *Sylvia* come, at laſt, at laſt reſign,
And e're we're *Both* the Cruel *Fates*, be Mine.
We who down Time's ſteep Current ſwiftly paſs,
Should ſtruggle with the Tide, and catch a ſhort (embrace.
Who knows but our united Souls would ſeek
Some lurking *Refuge* from the Common Wreck?
Some private *Bay*, where hurried Love might Reſt,
And *where*, if any Fate ſhould come in queſt,
We'd look unfrighted from th' Exalts of Love,
And awe Its Malice, or Its Rage remove,

'Till

'Till Death with ſloweſt pace did drive us thence,
And ſo diſlodge thoſe *Flames* he could not quench.

SONG.

POor *Strephon* was laid
In the Cool of a Shade,
By the ſide of a Brook,
His Sheep were all ſcatter'd, and broken his Hook.
He ſigh'd, and he wept, as he look'd on the Stream,
And thrice he bow'd down, and drank from the brim:
But alas 'twas in vain,
It allay'd not his Pain,
For 'twas Love, and not Thirſt, that afflicted the Swain.

It broke off his Reſt,
Grew big in his Breaſt,
And the fierce Paſſion would fain be expreſt.

At his Eyes it look'd out, in a Languiſhing Flame,
And his Heart went apace, but his Tongue was to (blame:
For tho' he would give the whole World it were (known,
Yet he durſt not explain it with more than a (Groan.

For alas, the Dear Maid was as *Rich* as ſhe's *Fair*,
And the Shepherd, good Man, was too Mean for (her Care:
He was Honeſt he vow'd, and as other Folks ſay,
His Heart was as large as e're yet went aſtray:
But as big as it is, it will never be found,
So cunning's the Thief, and ſo ſecret the Wound,
That juſt as he lies, he muſt ſink under ground.

Ineffectual.

Ineffectual.

I Will no longer, therefore Muſe be gone,
Too much I've been impos'd upon,
To let thee ſettle in my *Breaſt*,
And heat my Fancy, and diſturb my Reſt,
Too Courteous I have been, too Rude my Gueſt.
I gave thee kind Admiſſion *there*,
And Entertain'd thee with my homely Cheer,
Tho' ſudden and unſeaſonable you were:
But on my Mind Imperiouſly you ſate,
And taſted all my Thoughts with ſcornful State,
This is too harſh, you cry'd, and this too flat.

And

And with that ſpecious pretence,
Would needs imploy your mellowing Heat;
But what does the unhappy *Damon* get?
Not one kind Look from *Sylvia* yet,
By all thy Oily Words, by all thy Painted (Sence.

I told you all would never do,
Ay, and I gave you *Reaſons* for it too;
In ſpight of very *Love* I did:
I told you ſhe was Rich, moſt plaguy Rich,
A Circumſtance I'm ſure which
Ought to have ſcar'd, Audacious Muſe, thy (flight.
When guarded round with Eyes ſevere,
And Friends in Ambuſh every where,
With Jealouſie that watchful *Owl* of Night,
From whoſe broad *Gaze*, not *Fairy*, thou wer't (hid.

Roam

Be gone then, or content with meaner Things,
And flutter low with thy ſing'd Wings;
Roam thro' the Fields, and thro' the Woods,
And tell the Growth of Flowers and Buds,
Yet theſe Miſchievous *Muſe* refer
Thy Trait'rous Memory to her;
The bluſhing Roſe ſo ſweet, ſo ſleek,
Took Its Complection from her Cheek,
The Lilly from her Hands and Neck.
A Brook that rouls it ſelf hard by,
With ceaſleſs Moans,
Which unrelenting Stones
Still multiply,
Thou'l't think th' unconſolable I.

On

On the Death of Sylvia.

WHat hidden Fate attacks my guardleſs Breaſt!
What unſeen Hand breaks off my uſual Reſt!
Dull *nighted* Objects paſs before my Eyes,
And working Lungs throw forth prodigious Sighs.
Strange Birth of Sorrow! What ſhould this portend,
Or of the World's, or of ſome Nobler End?
Perhaps this *Notes* neglected Black reverſe,
Contains the woful *Charm*, the diſmal Curſe.
Dead does it ſay! Ah me, is *Sylvia* Dead?
Or does that *dim* Deſtruction ſeize my Head,
And make my failing *Sight* fallacious Letters read?
Oh no! for the Sad News *that* Sigh confirms,
And now my Soul diſſolves, and now with Anguiſh burns.

Roul

Roul on thou ling'ring *Orb* of Day, roul on,
And all ye jocund Lights of Life be gone,
Wait on *Her* hence unto ſome happier *Globe*,
And over *this* ſpread out *Nights* Eldeſt Robe,
That as my Sorrow, Dark may be the Scene,
As of my Joy you Witneſſes have been.
And now, kind *Grief*, inform my Soul all o're,
Slack every ſtiff Reſerve, and wake each moiſt'ning
(Pow'r:
For every *Virtue* ſend a different *Stream*,
Then as *thoſe* met in *Kindneſs*, mingle *them*.
Wordleſs laments, her Modeſty'll become
Great as her Charity, but like that Dumb.
Higheſt Applauſe from *unbound* Accents riſe,
And Contemplation ſpent in Extaſies,
Muſt ſerve us here on Earth, ſhe's prais'd above
(the Skies.

Strephon

Strephon *to* Menalchas.

The ARGUMENT.

Menalchas *hearing of the Death of* Zelinda, *ſends a Letter of Condoleance to his Friend (and her Lover)* Strephon. *But therein inſiſting ſomewhat too largely on the Virtues of the Deceaſed, he ſharp'ns thereby his Friend's Diſaſter.* Strephon *ſenſible of the Diſſervice, ſends him* this.

UNkind my Friend, and inconſiſtent too
With your own ſelf, is the ſad Scene you drew.
With *Sympathy*, you ſay, you are poſſeſt,
Loves mighty Beams pierc'd thro' me to your Breaſt.
But Oh! too feeble were their force I find,
They burnt my Soul, but gently warm your Mind;
Elſe could you with deliberate Pencil draw,
In *formal* touches, what confus'd I ſaw?

Could

Could you deſcribe her Perſon, ſay her Mind,
Oh! could you do all this, yet be unkind?
You do, you are, that, that is the reſult,
What elſe had *Death* to do in the Conſult?
Skilful enough your Hand to Draw, nor Err
Where wretched *Strephon*, bleſt *Zelinda* were.
And too exact you ſpread the Deſart Place,
And kind depreſſions of the willing *Graſs*,
(*Blaſted* and fruſtrate *now*, as are my Hopes,
Unbleſs'd with moiſture, ſave what ſometimes (drops
From my o're-flouded Eyes, that try in vain
To nouriſh up the ſwooning Herb again.
For Oh! too well my ſelf, and they too, know,
That ſhould they ſpring again they'd uſeleſs (grow.
Sufficient that and more, what need you go,
By Oppoſitions to delineate Wo?
Was it too little then that Fate did ſo?

Why

Why Set ſo near that Happy *Time*, its *End*,
Again *that* by the *Grave*? Oh! why, my Friend?
And now at laſt, when ſhe'd been ſo long laid
In that ſtill *Place*, and in my *Mind* her Shade,
Why d'ye diſturb her Aſhes *that*, and *this*?
For which a Tomb, and ſilent Sorrow fitteſt is.
How comes it thus, in Friendſhip Grief ſhould roul,
And carry tender Senſe from Soul to Soul?

Damon's *Deſpair*.

ON a high Mounts cold brow, poor *Damon* (ſate,
And ſet his Pipe in Conſort with his Fate;
Sad were the Sounds urg'd forth by deep Deſpair,
Mix'd with black Sighs that darken'd all the Air.
A while the *Strain* with ſhivering Fingers play'd,
And roul'd his heavy Eyes towards Heaven, diſ- (may'd;

Not

Not that he ask'd the leaſt of Bleſſings *thence*,
Or wiſh'd to put the Gods to more Expence.
Enough, ſaid he, I'd lived when *Sylvia* Dy'd,
With that he threw his hoarſe-grown Pipe aſide,
And ſtamp'd upon the ground, and violently cry'd.
Then griping Anguiſh rock'd him to and fro,
Rais'd by that wounded Paſſion *Love* in Wo.
Ye are unkind, ye Powers, ye are unkind,
And with the words his Soul diſpers'd to Wind.

The Merchant, to his Friend.

IN vain from Shores remote you ſtrive to bring
Your Happineſs, that muſt from Virtue ſpring.
In vain your floating Territories Ride,
And beat with *Stern*, aſſault the adverſe Tide.

What gives the Gaudy *India*'s boasted Soil,
But a feign'd Recompence, Fatigue and Toil?
Not unprovok'd did Wise *Democritus*
Laugh at a Humor so Ridiculous.
Sometimes to Heaven ye hasty Prayers make,
That It would guide your Fortune, play your (Stake:
That Nature with her widest Jaws would yawn,
And drive the Idle Vessel faster on:
Which yet no sooner gains the scanty Seas,
Than ye revoke your Prayers, the Gods no longer (please,
Less with limp Fanes the Winds then gently move,
You slack you forward Zeal, and flag the Wings (of Love.
Thus varying Prayers you form from various (Moods,
Enough to puzzle sure th' inferior Gods,
(If any such there be) that rule the Air,
And manage all the Nice Transactions there;

That

That do the Univerſal Bellows blow,
And parcel out the Winds for Humane Uſe be-
(low.
Such your Attempts, and the ſo Dangerous Road,
Implies the guidance of ſome Foot-boy God,
That with ſly Steps can tread the Watry Maze,
And lead the Swarthy *Mariner* his Ways:
That can at pleaſure baffle every Storm,
Or guard the Tim'rous Pinnace from its Harm;
That can awake the *Winds*, and *Seas* from ſleep,
And make the drowſie Waves a uſeful motion
(keep.
Preſumptuous Men!
But O ſome gentler Fate
Give me a *Calm*, and call me Bleſt with That!
For why ſhould froward *Storms*, or raging *Seas*,
Or all the Swarm of Merchants *Deſtinies*,
Diſperſe my firm *Reſolves*, or wreck my Mind?
Why reſt my *Hopes* on the uncertainty of Wind?

In the ſtill bottom of a Shady Vale
I'd lye Embarqu'd, and ſcorn the Aid of Wind
(and Sail.
For Time with ſmooth advance will gain the Port,
Where all the Happy Fortunate reſort.

An Epitaph on Mr. R. Lang.

BEhold this careleſs heap interrs *Dick Long*,
Fortunes meer Sport, and *Natures* conſtant
(Wrong:
For's Life was very Short, and very Poor,
And turn'd at laſt out thro' the *World*'s Back-door.
No Funeral Torch did flaming Aid afford,
No drooping Mourner Sigh his dying Word.
No *Females* Tears bedew'd his loneſome Hearſe;
(For what Affections love an Empty Purſe?)
Silent as Night's dark Curtain he withdrew,
And the Beſt Friend he had he's gone unto:

For

For Earth at laſt, when every Friend forſook,
At his Misfortune kind impreſſion took,
And mollify'd *Her* Breaſt, and lodg'd him there,
And whom no Man careſs'd, embracing doth in-
(terr.

To Mr. F. . . . in the Country; with ſome other Verſes.

THat you are Happy, who can doubt?
Have you not all the Fields your prey?
Have you not all the Time of every Day
To walk about?
And yet d'ye want theſe Lines? Perſwade me to't.
Are not your very *Walks* more Elegant?
Do not the charming Birds prevent,
Or render your Requeſt a Complement?
Beſides, the Ladies you have in to boot.

Yet freely ye bleſt Walks and Shades peruſe,
The feeble Offering of a Captive Muſe:
Who tho' ſhe ſcorns reſtraint,
And ſometimes flies
The noiſie World, t'enjoy your Companies;
Yet is to unfit Organs join'd,
And ſeated in too low a Mind,
To expreſs the Idea's that your Objects paint.

On Mr. John Milton. *To a Friend, who flatteringly deſir'd me to ſend him ſome Verſes on a propos'd Subject.*

IF with a Poet's Fate, Heaven would but give
The Poet's Spirit too, by which they live;
Could *feed on Thoughts that voluntary move*
Harmonious Numbers, free from fumes of Love:
I'd

I'd then no longer lazy Fortune Court,
(Fortune ſhould be my Fool to make me Sport)
I'd leave her Service, and her Play-things here,
And in the Muſes Livery appear,
Wing'd with their Plumes, if by their Vigor led:
But Oh the *Muſes* Great *Elijah*'s fled,
Wrapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds,
And none yet *worthy* in *his* place ſucceeds!
Whence may *One* Sacred Ordination get?
His pow'rful *Mantle*'s ſought in vain for yet;
The *Holy Veſt* is with the *Prophet* flown,
For him 'twas only fit, and made for him alone.
Not *Jordan* he, but *Chaos*, with it ſmote,
Hither and thither, and went through a Foot.
Her hidden Chambers open'd to his Eye,
And brought their Secrets to his Scrutiny;

Whence his collecting Mind obſerv'd their uſe,
And what their *teeming* Virtues would produce.
And as he ſung, we find it *come to paſs*,
This World is the Confuſion, then that was.
Idea's ſtrait of ev'ry Being he wrought,
And to perfection ſoon the Viſion brought.
Thus the Fair Train of *Stars*, and Heav'n, and Earth,
In his Harmonious Volume had their Birth.

What need he then a Succeſſor inſpire,
And further how beſtow the Holy Fire?
When all the Univerſal *Scope* he wrote,
Beyond, *Privation* Gulphs attempting Thought.

Upon

Upon the Tax on Births *and* Burials, *Granted to His Majeſty for Carrying on the War againſt* France.

'TIS hence the haughty *Gauls* receive their Doom,
Our Graves are Cannon made, and every Womb
A Mortar is, and every Child a Bomb.

Long has *France* felt our Valour, now our Wit,
And tho' Death aims at *us*, 'tis *them* we make him hit.
Ev'n he himſelf in vain aſſaults us now,
For by his Conqueſts we more Potent grow.

Reflecting

Reflecting on the Time of the Queens Death.

A Diſmal Autumn 'twas,
When Ominous Nature ſtript for thee
Her ſelf of every Gaiety,
The Trees fell Sick, and every Flower,
Diſmay'd at the approaching Hour,
Grew pale, and ſeem'd to ſay,
If the *Quick* Eſſence of *Britannia*
Retire, we muſt by Conſequence decay.
And Lo the Heavens reſent our Caſe,
And blurr with Sable Clouds their Face,
And down their ſightleſs Eyes the Tears diſtil apace:

Wiſely

Wiſely ye Heavens ye ſhut your Eyes,
There's nought on Earth deſerves your ſight,
Our Glory is extinguiſh'd quite,
Since to your ſelves you have ſnatch'd our only
(Prize.

An Epitaph on Mr. T. C.

Death (who exerts his Mortal Sov'raignty
Over the World) being grown concern'd
(to ſee
Deſcending Ages tow'rds his Manſions move,
By the rough Hand of *Force*, and not of *Love:*
Took what might moſt attract our Wiſh, the Wiſe,
The Pious, and alas! a Publick Friend;
One, whom but juſt to *Name*, were to commend,
And needleſs that to inform you. Here he Lyes.

To

To a Friend in the Countrey.

HAppy, Happy is your Change,
For the Town's Tumultuous Noiſe,
In the Silent Woods to Range,
Stor'd with Innocence and Joys.

Where the Gliding Silver Streams,
Seem to Mock you as they Run,
Hiding from the Scorching Beams,
Of an Over-Thirſty Sun.

Whiſp'ring thro' their Moſſy Sluce,
Philomel Sits on the Brink,
Smooths her Plumes, and Dreſſes Spruce,
Sings a Song to buy her Drink.

Then

Then Aſcending on a Bough,
There ſhe ſits and tells her Tale,
To her Picture that's below,
In her Looking-Glaſs and Ale.

Every thing Contributes there,
To pleaſe the Taſte, the Sight, the Ear,
Pleaſures do in a Ring appear,
And with join'd Hands Dance round the Circling Year.

To a Painter, whom, after his Removal into B— Ch. Yard, *I had not ſeen of a great while.*

THen *Bury'd* be thy Soul, and all its Powers,
If thou canſt ſo Employ,
The Break and Cloſe of every Day,
And *fill* with vain Eſſays thy Empty Hours.

Quickly

Quickly Deſcending go,
And be a *Limner* to the Ghoſts below;
Where All-Confounding Shade
Shall marr the Features by thy Pencil made,
And ridicule th' Nice Exertions of thy Trade.

To the ſame, and (partly) on the ſame Occaſion.

A Meditation on the Platonick Year.

PLato thou'rt long a coming with thy Year,
O how I want thy Reverend preſence here!
The World has every ſort of Face put on,
Friendſhip and Love's mild ſolaces have gone
Long ſince their deſtin'd Rounds;
And now we'r whirl'd about with Rage and (Frowns.

Thus

Thus the Old World is tumbling down amain,
Till ſtriking on thy Tomb it back rebounds,
Unwinding Time again:
And then 'twill throw me Dear *Zelinda* back,
And then once more I ſhall ſee *Jack*;
If ſo, bowl on thou Globe till then,
——————And then for ever Slack.

Againſt Gluttony.

HAil to the Man whoſe Loaf and good Old Cheeſe,
To pay his Nature are ſufficient Fees.
Let Parſons on groſs *Veal* and *Bacon* Feed,
Think as a *Calf*, and get a *Hoggiſh* breed.
They by as Licence from themſelves may do't,
Diſſect the Corps, and Eat the Fleſh to boot,
To ſee what Wiſdom in their *Fabrick* lies,
And what conſent of Taſtes will thence ariſe.

Hence

Hence taught the God of *Truth*, and god of Luſt,
To Serve the Laſt, and Complement the Firſt.
But I thoſe Purer Subſtances will Chew,
Whoſe Alimental Humor's Calm and few,
Shall let my *Thoughts* run ever ev'n and true.

An Epitaph on Mr. T. F.

SHarp Grief on this would fain imprint,
The Virtues of the Perſon in't:
Fond Paſſion! Will a Tomb-ſtone hear,
Or take th' Impreſſion of a Tear?
Th' Attempt forbear.
How would *his* Praiſes Crowded ſtand,
Inſerted by thy trembling Hand
On this ſhort Page,
Canſt thou Inſcribe what every Mouth
His Charity has Fed;

(From

(From *fault'ring* Antients to the liſping Youth)
Could utter o're the Dead?
Beſides what the vaſt Publick might have ſaid.
Then bate thy Rage,
Fame ſhall rehearſe *Him* to the coming Age:
Only write thou upon this *Fatal Door*,
His Name, and who goes *in*, will hear of more.

A Letter to Mr. R. C. *in the Countrey.*

DEar Sir, Till now my Thoughts your Courſe (purſu'd,
Trac'd o're your Steps, and found your Progreſs (Good.
O're th' extended Plains, and graſſy Meads,
On whoſe Rich Banks the flowing Rivers feeds;
Thro' every ſhady Lane, and woody Hill,
Acroſs each peaceful Vale, and o're each murmur- (ing Rill.

Every Delight the Birds in buſie Song
Of gratulating Meeter, did prolong.
Thus ſlid my Thoughts——
When Lo preſented ſtrait
From a recover'd Mounts proſpective height,
In blueſt diſtance, *Verulam*, whom Fame,
Ev'n in this private Letter, bids me name.
Thither with cautious awe and pace I drew,
Modeſt my Queries there, and grave my View.
Where aged *Grandeur* in Its Ruins lye,
And *Bacon's* mouldring Tomb, whoſe Self too can-
not die.
Hail Sacred *Twine* of Fate, the Town, now he
Is gone, grown craz'd with Sick Mortality,
Will ſhortly by a paſſionate Conſent,
Quit her old Forms to Build *his* Monument.
Wiſely, if for her ſelf ſhe would ſecure
A Name, might longer than her Stones endure:

But

But vain, if ſo *She* think t'ingroſs his Worth,
Nor She, nor the wide Circuit of the Earth,
It Heaven alone can hold that gave him Birth.

Much *She* already owes her happy Fate,
That when among the Bleſs'd his Soul was ſat,
His Body gave to Her, as One for That.

With Benediction then I Nam'd his Fate,
And Reverence due perform'd, renew'd my Gate.
No tedious Subburb intercepts the Road,
But Nature's ſuddain Hand beſtows abroad
Her beſt Affections 'mongſt the happy Swains,
And dreſs with Golden Locks the Neighb'ring Plains.
The Rural *Dames* beneath the Hedges ſate,
And all the Bounties on the Soil repeat,
How It no Niggard was, nor in Arrears,
But Pleaſure in Ten Thouſand ſhapes it bears.

Thus they of Nature, and indulgent *Pan*,
And (fir'd with Rapture) on my *Fancy* ran.
But Oh! the Curſt Diſturber of my Eaſe,
Vext that Its greateſt Oppoſite ſhould pleaſe,
Vext that Its Child (for ſo it call'd my Thought)
Should be with thoſe *Intrinſick* Bleſſings caught,
Buſineſs o'retook me traverſing your Downs,
Seiz'd on my Thoughts, and ſporting Fancy (wounds;
Plunder'd my Hopes, and ſpares me only this,
Now I'm Its Pris'ner, barely Time to Wiſh.
Say then your Self, for Oh! I long to know,
Are you in Health, and Happy? Where? And (how?

To

To **Celia,** *who whilſt her Lover was Kiſſing of her, chanc'd to* [redacted]

DEar Madam, your preſumptuous A---,
Envying the Beauty of your Face,
Attempts (like that) in Humane Speech,
To bid your Lover kiſs your Breech.
But when in vain It try'd to prate
In words (like yours) Articulate.
It ſpent Its Breath in *Piſh* and *Hum*,
And would not ſay ſo much as *Come*,
The Native Language of a *Janus B-m*.

To a Sorry Apothecary, who pretended to Criticize on my Friend's Excellent Sermon.

THou Dull Son of a S--t-houſe,
doſt thou think that a fit Houſe?
Or thou fit to Commence
A Profeſſion of Sence?
No, thou low Animal,
That from Excrements crawl,
'Twas not Nature's Intent
Thou ſhould'ſt quit that Fat Scent,
To lend a Tongue, or an Ear,
In a Rational Sphere.
Then thou Worm of the Privy,
Get thee home, and in't live ye:

Thence

Thence thy *Pipe* may allure
A Clapt *Bean* for a Cure,
Or ſome Wenches Compaſſion,
To ſquat a Broad A-ſe on
The Hole of the Seat,
And the *drift* of thy Life is compleat.

On Mr. P--n *the* Quaker's *Marrying a Young Wife.*

WED and ſo Old! Well done *Will. P--n*,
(Eſquire,
Thou ſhall't have Children if thou doſt *deſire:*
Deſire thou doſt, or elſe thou would'ſt not Marry,
Things ſtanding thus, how can thy Hopes miſ-
(carry?

On the Heavy Tax on Paper.

THE Tax on Bumfodder, may chance
To cauſe a want of It in *France*;
For ſure that Monarch can't but think,
We'll beat him till we make him ſtink:
Yet tho' he flies he'll finely fit us,
When his Back's turn'd upon's beſh-t us.
For after all, unhappy we,
Who'll Celebrate our Victory?
The Poet dar'n't advance a Thought,
Tho' Actious throng, and ſhould be wrote,
He won't be Damn'd for the State's Fault.
The Hiſtorian will his Memory truſt,
With what he has not Tools to adjuſt,
But the frail Bag I fear will burſt.

And

Aud the poor Hunter of the Planet,
Can't give it Houſe-room when he has won it;
Predicts no more of Popiſh Downfal,
Himſelf does firſt unto the Ground fall,
By ſtrange Decrees made this ſide Heaven,
A Blow his Stars would ne'er ha' given.
The Parſon, tho' he's Charitable,
About the Matter makes a Squabble,
And as the Weavers did, will raiſe the Rabble.
Then Wo be to the Weſtern Sages,
If thoſe Black Journey-men ha'n't Wages:
For ſhould they loſe Dear *Pro* and *Con*,
And Preach *Extempore* alone,
Then thoſe that are Inſpired leaſt,
Will only Talk what Wrath ſuggeſts,
And ſo inſtead of due Applauſe,
Make long Harangues againſt the Laws,

Tell

Tell them their Statues Tongue-tye Fame,
And Banging *Lewis* makes them Lame.
Down goes Wiſe *Socrates*, and *Plato*,
And *Ariſtotle* too, and *Cato*,
Grey as they are, without Compaſſion,
Or Mercy of a New Tranſlation,
Tho' Legacy'd to Bleſs the Nation.
Ay, and (I dread to think on't) *Moſes*
All his Good Old Acquaintance loſes,
Doom'd to his Hebrew Garb this Moment,
Nor more wears Engliſh Ruff or Comment:
Loſt in the Ruins of the Preſs
Are theſe, and many more than theſe;
From Writing Prieſt to Printing *Deacon*,
And what I Die a'moſt to ſpeak on,
The Bookſeller muſt help the Break on.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Famous Liar.

HEre Lyes (in Earth as Falſe as He) 'tis ſaid,
A Man whom Lying Fame reported Dead:
He has bely'd his Fate, or foil'd its Skill,
For ſee, he's at his Trade of Lying *ſtill.*

To Celia.

NAY, don't inſiſt upon't, for I proteſt
What e're I wrote of Love was all in Jeſt.
I ſaw it was the Faſhion of the Times,
To varniſh o're with Love indifferent Lines,
And to meer caſual Strokes adopt Deſigns.
I caught that Cuſtom in a Scribling fit,
And with deſignleſs Pen did *Cupid* hit.

The

The Boy as from faſt ſleep diſturb'dly riſe,
And look'd upon me with half open Eyes;
At firſt he frowning left me with a Scoff,
But ſtrange to ſuch Addreſs, turn'd back to Laugh.
And I no leſs at what I ne'er had ſeen
Before, thought fit to draw his Childiſh Meen,
A tender Plumpneſs, with *kind* Red, his Face,
Which he affectedly the more to grace,
Leant on his Shoulder, and with the Right Hand
Pull'd o're his white curl'd Hair, and with it fann'd
His glowing Viſage, *t'other* hung down low
In *lazy* ſtretch, then reſted on his Bow;
Which over-bent, threw off the Tyrant *String*,
At which the Boy diſmay'd, took to his Wing.

This florid Picture witneſs even *thee*,
If It came not unarm'd and juſt as he,

For

For I no Amorous Paſſion to It lent,
The bare impreſſion of his Form I ſent
On Paper, not my Soul, which is to Love unbent.

The Bravado.

I Laugh at Beauty, and I Scorn its Pow'r,
'Tis I alone poſſeſs the Noble Hour,
That can with Frowns diſhearten all the Charms
Of languid Eyes, or circling Females Arms.
Nor comely Oval, nor Vermillion Dye,
Majeſtick Meen, nor all Loves Symmetry,
Shall force a bowing Head, or yielding Knee,
No, no, I loath ſuch groſs Idolatry.
What is fam'd *Cupid* but an Amorous Boy?
I'll break his Bow, and fling his Darts away.

Feign'd

Feign'd Deity, or hadſt thou heard or ſaw,
The great Exploits that near the Froze *Danaw*
My Arm perform'd againſt the *Turks Baſhaw*,
Thou wouldſt not unadviſedly thus Aſſault,
Leſt loſs of being recompenc'd the Fault.
Ceaſe Fool——
Extremity's my Friend, I Scorn to Smell
Or Taſte of what Loves Proſelytes wont to tell,
Gums, Gellies, Odours, Spice,
My Food is Horſe-fleſh Candy'd up in Ice.
Nor keep I Company with them,
That cannot breathe out of Canaries Steam,
No, no, I gnaw off the condenced Stream.
This 'ent Effeminating Liquor,
But ſharp'ns Sence, produces Action quicker,
Inſpires the Soul with Noble Martial Rage,
And Conſtitutes a Hero in the Age.

Wedlock.

Wedlock.

WEll, now I'm in the Mind, go quickly bring
A Parſon, Girl, and the *tough* Wedding (Ring:
Hire on your Way ſome Bridemen Porters, then
Call the Blunt Clark to ſay the long *Amen.*
Haſten, I pr'ythee, e're it be forgot,
Or better Reaſon drive away the Thought.
So now I hope my Friends I've pleas'd you all,
And am become a Man *Canonical:*
With Second *Self*, according to the Mode,
A *Multiplier* of a Single Good,
A Builder up of Cities Deſolate,
A mighty Obſtacle of Killing Fate,
Preface of *Ages*, Patron of the Cradle,
Loves Jocky mounted on his pacing Saddle.

A Glorious Style I Vow, who would not chuſe
His *Liberty* and Solitude to loſe,
And bury all *Free* Thoughts in th' whited Se-
(pulcher, a Spouſe.

The Converſion.

IT was a Time and Seaſon when the Sun,
With mighty Toil half his long Race had run:
When looking on the Fields with vehement Face,
He checks the vain Attire of youthful Graſs;
And to Conſummate *good*, the Bloſſoms leads,
Filling with ſolid worth their empty Heads.
When I (wanting alas, like influence too)
Wiſely I thought from his hot *Looks* withdrew.
A Neighb'ring Grove afforded the retreat,
Where Night its ſelf did ſhelter from the heat

But

But 'fraid of *Light*, turn'd *Pale*, and trembling ſtood,
Spreading a doubtful whiſper thro' the Wood.
There from beneath the Root of an Old Oak,
A boyling Spring of cooleſt Water broke,
Whoſe ever riſing Liquor jeer'd my Draught,
When parch'd with heat to drink it up I thought.
Bleſs'd with thoſe two, what could I wiſh for more?
The drought of *Nature*, and of *Buſineſs* o're:
Virtuous alike the *Rivelet*, and the *Shade*,
Alike the Curſe of *Thirſt*, and *eager Thought* decay'd.
Here then on riſing Ground to Reſt I lay,
Glad to have 'ſcaped the Feaver of the Day.
Nor long e're gentle Sleep the Curtain drew,
And ſhut out from my ſight the Solemn View.
But whether ſome kind Powers by Office keep
The *ſecret* Lodge of Life while Mortals ſleep,

Who leaſt *that* numming *Miſt* too far ſhould win,
Keep in perpetual Motion Life within,
And for Diverſion, work the Vital Steam
To *Figures* and *Ideas* pleaſing them,
And with the pure contracted Intellect
Sometimes converſe, and to great things direct
Mental Enquiry, which themſelves reſolve:
So *they* perhaps whilſt we in Dreams diſſolve.
Or 'twere the poſture of my careleſs Reſt
Heedleſly ſtrow'd, (expreſſing freedom beſt)
Which by continuance might uneaſie grow,
And to the *Apprehenſion* quickning *Pulſes* throw.
Or cauſes theſe, or others, who knows what
Tranſporting Whiſpers of Undoing Fate,
Something it was my inward Senſe awoke,
A glorious *Form* appear'd, and heavenly *Things*
(were ſpoke.

Was

Monarchs were mention'd with a pitying Smile,
And clamorous *Fortune* ſpeechleſs ſtood the while.
Was ſaid, methought. ----But Thought 'twill ever be
The big Infuſions utterance cannot free.
Common Conceptions uſual *Births* require,
And Native Thoughts may out thro' Words expire:
But higher Dictates actuate the Whole,
Incorporate with the Mind, and regulate the Soul.
At laſt the Goddeſs, too extreamly bright,
Kindled up Life, and flew out thro' my ſight.
Raviſh'd I roſe, and found my ſelf quite loſt,
My former Scheme of Life raz'd out and croſs'd;
London that ſtretch'd it ſelf abroad my Thought,
Was all Demoliſh'd, cover'd with a Blot;
And that It never more again might riſe,
Strait grew up in Its place, Brooks, Fields, and Trees;
And Shepherds piping from their lonely *Cottages.*

To a Friend, Recommending a Contemplative Life.

STifle Natures Inclination,
Bury Luſt, extinguiſh Paſſion,
Live a *Life* of Contemplation.

Free from Cares, and void of Fears,
Scorn to ſhrink whate're appears
Within the ſpace of Threeſcore Years.

The World's but croſs to thoſe that love it,
Miniſtring Grief, but cann't remove it,
Yet harms not ſuch as live above it.

Should all Created Things conſpire
To grant the *Senses* their deſire,
The *Soul* would loath what they admire.

The

The Soul's a Thing that's too Sublime
E're to be limitted by *Time*,
Then ſure to Bury it here's a Crime.

Aſcend, aſcend, then Noble Spark
Unto thy proper Sphere,
The ſpacious Heavens are thy Mark,
And thou a Stranger here.

The Requeſt.

YE Stars that in your regular Career,
Predict the Fate of every coming Year,
Deign to beſpeak for once my Lot,——
Tell me if you intend to Bleſs, or not,
My onward Life; my Life but Bleſs,
I ask no Coſtly Happineſs,

A meanly Cottage, a thin furniſh'd Room,
No Treaſures heap'd for Times to come.
Give me but Bread and Cloaths, to eat and wear,
I'll wait the ſlow Production of the Year
For Dainties, ſtill *content* whate're appear,
The Spring the ſavoury Herb, the Summer yields
(the Pear,
Autumn th' Apples will themſelves deſcend
T'their Graves, being Aged, and will their
(Fellow Age befriend,
Come down to ſuch as cann't to them aſcend.

Some Winter barren count, Its Care
I Celebrate, and Sacrifice the Bird and Hair,
Subſtantial Strength they yield, delicious Fare.

Winter's the Harveſt-time for Wood,
(To thaw the Frozen Joints, and dreſs the Food)
Then drein'd of Vital Sap and Blood,
Soon fires and ſpreads a Comfortable heat,
Emblem of Summer, Winter's forc'd retreat,

Glads

Glads the o'reſpreading Vines that roof the Grot,
And in their intricated Twines forgot
And looſe themſelves, nor know agen
Their Baſis, nor find out their Origen;
Impenetrably thick, no wet gets there,
Save globous drops that Star-like do appear.
Small Gems of unfermenting Light
Beſet the little Horizon at Night,
Foreboding Day, and Darkneſs does affright,
With all the horrid Shapes that dwell in It.
Malice, Revenge, and other Furies bent
On Ruin, or its bord'ring Puniſhment,
That in *Nights* Miſty Scene their Paſſions vent.
No Midnight Torch there Conflagration makes,
No Thief by choice of Poverty partakes,
Or in the cloſe Receſſes of the Mind,
Purſued Riches does expect to find.

No squeezing *Bayliffs* interrupt the Day,
Nor *Creditors* make hated Signs for Pay.
To the Sublimer Powers my All I'd owe,
And Scorn the small Attacks of Men below.

To a Miser, who bade me Farewel upon my going into the Country.

FAre well; and so I will an'if I can;
Farewel to thee, unhappy Man,
To thee, that canst no Benediction give;
To thee, that hast not yet, and ne're will't learn (to live.
Inspir'd with Smoke, and made of the same Mire,
Thou runn'st about the Streets,
And art the Servant of each one thou meet'st;
A Servant that can never tire,
Being acted by the Vulgar Motion, Hire.

Dull,

Dull, Senſleſs, as a Pack-horſe, or a Cart,
And moved by the ſame Principles thou art,
And not ſo much imports thy Thoughts and Voice,
As the grating Axles Noiſe.
Thou art by That outdone,
For It will oft lament and groan,
And as it can cries out undone,
Whilſt thou doſt with thy ſluggiſh Burthen run,
And art the Block alone.

Wer't thou made up of Faculties to think,
Or could'ſt hear any thing but Chink,
I'd take thee by the Hand, and bring
Thee to the gentle Sources of a Spring,
Where Nature whiſpers out ſuch mighty Things,
As ſhould put Buſineſs to a ſtand,
And baffle all the Notions of Command,
And blank the Florid Countenance of Kings,

Which

Which ſhould—

—But I ſhould better uſe my Breath,
Thou'rt gone beyond the Power
Of any thing but Fate to Cure,
Nothing can make thee reaſonable but Death.
Thy Nails I ſee are grown to Miſers Claws,
And to take in the Globe, thou yawn'ſt with mon-
(ſtrous Jaws.
Yet, Friend, take Care,
For Earth once of thy greedineſs aware,
'Tis Ten to One but it devours thee firſt,
And lays thee to Its better Duſt.

An Enquiry after Wiſdom, occaſion'd by Reading ſome Verſes in Job.

AH! Where is Wiſdom, Sacred Wiſdom,
(found?
With It does Humane Hearts, or does the World
(abound?

Its

Its glittering Footſteps every where I find,
But glittering Tracks are *all* it leaves behind.
The Cautious Virtue quits our Stage in haſte,
Not Humane Sight, or Thought, can fly as faſt.
So that a rumour'd Story's all we have,
Whiſper'd by *Things*, and Sigh'd out by the *Grave*,
That ſuch a Being is, but tell not where,
And every individual ſays, *Not here.*
Sure then't's in Heaven, whence God-like Virtues come;
Heaven is Its Native Place, and Heaven Its Home.
In Heaven It is; for Lo th' extended Sky,
Heightens Conjecture up to Certainty.
What rear'd that glorious *Roof* that wondrous Height?
Was it th' Effect of an *Unguided* Might?
Was it not Wiſdom modell'd every Form,
And led from Work to Work th' Almighty Arm;

Till

Till perfect Worlds from perfect *Knowledge* grew,
And the *inſtructed* Orbs to their *known* Uſes flew?
From Soveraign Wiſdom *Uſe* and *Order* came,
And Wiſdom ſtill ſupports th' Univerſal Frame.

Our Wiſdom then's to learn what Wiſdom is,
And to Adore the *Thing*, our Happineſs.

The Eighth Pſalm.

HOW Excellent, O Lord my Lord's thy (Name!
'Bove Heaven thy Glory ſpreads, thro' Earth thy (Fame.
Babes thou Ordain'ſt their Folly to confute,
Whoſe Souls forbear thy Praiſe, whoſe Tongues (are mute.
When on th' Heavens, thy Fingers did create
The Moon, and Stars, my Thoughts will needs (dilate,
Dejection ſeizes me, and chills me ſtrait:

For

For what am I, methinks, to all that Might?
A vile and wandering Atome in thy Sight,
That is amaz'd to ſee thou doſt expreſs,
A *Care* preſerving *ſuch*, a *Love* to bleſs.
From the ſame Parent Men and Angels ſpring,
The Firſt-born Angels, happieſt Miniſtring,
And in the next Deſcent the Earthly King.
Him, with a Sovereign Look thou gaveſt Abroad,
A wide Dominion, held alone of God:
The fruitful World, and every People there,
Travelling Earth, or Sea, or open Air,
His Recreation, Food, and Subjects, were.

How Excellent, O Lord my Lord's thy Name!
'Bove Heaven thy Glory ſpreads, thro' Earth thy
(Fame.

On the Concluding of the Peace.

AT laſt the Hoſtile Voice of War has done,
And the Mild Lyre ſucceeds the Outrage-
(ous Gun.
Peace once again her wonted State Aſſumes,
Gathers freſh Strength, and ſmooths her ruffled
(Plumes.
Over our Iſle She ſpreads with hovering Wings,
And pacifies the Lyres o're-heated Strings:
For too unequal was the Glorious Fight,
The Heroe's Acts exceed the Poet's Might:
This their *Apollo* ſaw with ſome diſguſt,
Half envying the Triumpher at firſt,
Vext that a Mortal God ſhould ſoar ſo high,
And *Do* above the *Talk* of Deity.
Once more from *Idas* Top he did behold,
More than *Achilles* wrought, or *Homer* told;

And

And pondering on Performances ſo great,
And the vaſt Sums of Fame were owing yet,
Began to fear the exhauſting of his Wit.
He ſaw *Scamander*'s Troops oppoſe in vain,
Scamander's Self was Drowned in the *Boyne*:
Namure he hoped would ſtop the Heroe's Way,
Namure, the Equivalent for Ruin'd *Troy*;
But *Namure* won, to his Fellow gods he ſays,
Fame hath not Breath enough to ſound his Praiſe,
The World's too narrow, Time too ſhort in Days;
Then to the warring Field he fled his ways;
Snatching the Eternal Lyre into his Hands,
That Lyre, whoſe Harmony the World Com-
(mands,
That Lyre, which at the firſt bade Diſcord ceaſe,
The Charming god with that huſh'd all to Peace.

To a Painter, on his Ingenious Poem upon the Art of Painting.

Poetry and *Painting* is the whole
Of Nature, *this* her Body, *that* her Soul:
On her vaſt Surface the *Idea*'s float,
And God Draws amply there his various Thought.
The Painters after the Original,
Have try'd to Paint anew the fading Ball:
But *theirs* was Counterfeit, the ſtubborn Sun,
Would not for them his wonted Circuit run;
Nor let his Golden Beams the Light diſplay,
Beyond the *Canvas* Sheets in which he lay.
Hence their Creation grew benumm'd and ſtiff,
For *Phœbus* would not warm it into Life.
But thou, my Friend, doſt that defect ſupply,
And Breath'ſt into it Living Poetry;

Each

Each painted Man about his Buſineſs goes,
And the Deſign of his Creation *ſhows.*
Thus with thy *Pencil*, and aſſiſting *Pen*,
Thou mak'ſt Live Pictures of us Dying Men.
With *one* thou Draw'ſt our Repreſentative,
With *t'other* mak'ſt the well-wrought Figure live.
We are the Shadows, thine the real Life;
So Art and Nature now have done their Strife;
And Paint ſhall live till Time wear out, and Men
Riſe from their Graves, and dreſs themſelves by
(their old Effigies again.

A Countrey Seat.

To the Honoured J. W. *Gent.*

FOR once my Muſe thy tender Pinions try,
And to that moſt Beloved Manſion fly,

Longworth; which ſure was heretofore the Abode
And happy Palace of ſome Rural God;
Whom when *Jove* Summon'd to keep Court in Heaven,
This then was to his Mortal Favourite given,
To hold of him without Dependencies,
And only be a Tenant to the Skies.

Be He thy Patron then, and That thy Theme,
For when thou Sing'ſt of That, thou Sing'ſt of Him.
He will not ſit with unconcern above,
And view the Attempts of thy well-meaning Love:
No, he will Poize thy Flight, and Tune thy Song,
And lay juſt Accents on thy Artleſs Tongue:
Heaven will no doubt for ſuch a Task inſpire
And quicken Fancy with Celeſtial Fire.

When Nature did her wondrous Self dilate,
To take the impreſſions of deſigning Fate,

She

She ask'd one Spot at firſt, whereon to ſhow
What would from her vaſt pregnant Compaſs (flow;
What all her Force exerted could produce,
What for Divine, and what for Humane Uſe:
And Lo the World in Min'ature appears!
And Lo the Model rais'd for Building Years!
Longworth 'twas thee, thou ſure didſt firſt ariſe
From *Chaos*, and ſalute thy Maker's Eyes:
On Thee his whole *Idea* was impreſt,
Till growing Nature ſtretcht it o're the Reſt.
O had the World obſerved thy Pattern ſtill,
It had not been deform'd with ſo much ill:
Had hapleſs *Eve* the Fairer *Sylvia* been,
We had not known the Miſeries of Sin;
She had tempted *Satan* rather to be Good,
And Man confirm'd by Her till now had ſtood:
But Heaven is Juſt, and tho' our Race did fall,
It deals not Curſes all alike to all;

For thoſe pure Minds that take not Stains of ill,
Poſſeſs their Ancient *Paradiſes* ſtill.

Hail then ye Bleſt, that yet haunt *Longworth*'s (Shades,
Hail thou their Sire, and hail ye Beauteous Maids,
That in Dear Pairs frequent thoſe Sacred Groves,
And Sing the Foreign Tales of diſappointed Loves;
Of the hard Sighings of neglected Swains,
The Struggles of their Wo, the Anguiſh of their (Pains,
Till *Eccho* grows concern'd, and Word for (Word complains.
Old * *Lugg* is Charm'd, and ſnatches up the (Reins
Of his looſe Waves, and backs with both his (Hands,
Whilſt heark'ning to your Song, he ſtrokes their (Silver Mains:
Then on he drives, repeating as he goes,
In loudeſt Murmurs, *Strephon* and his Woes,
And acting his Deſpair, himſelf in † *Wye* he (throws.

* The River *Lugg*, which runs by this Place. † And preſently after loſes it ſelf in the River *Wye*.

The

The Sun, the Jealons Sun, with envious Eye,
Is ſcarce perſwaded to forſake the Sky;
And yet in vain he looks, in vain he ſtays,
In vain he downwards points his burning Rays;
The happier Wood denies his too bold Sight,
And only asks your Eyes to give it Light.
With Fury then he rowls down the ſteep Skies,
Leaving his Office to your brighter Eyes.

The Day deſerted by Its Fiery God,
You, and the Shade its ſelf, then comes abroad;
For Lo a Greenſord Walk it ſelf extends,
Backt by the Wood, and Orchards at Its ends,
Where the ſhy *Nymphs* from their cloſe Thickets (ſteal,
And Golden Lap-fulls fetcht for every Meal.

But now the *Pile* recalls our wandering Eyes,
The goodly *Pile* by gradual Steps does riſe:
The Chimneys firſt in orderly Array,
Heave above Earth, and Smoke their uſe betray:

And

And now the Roof, and the firſt Tire of Light,
Diſcovers you, and Sight returns for Sight:
Onwards another, and another row,
Number at laſt reſigns Its *tale* to ſhow.

And now freſh Objects throng the pleaſing
(Way,
And firſt an Arbor needs not ask your ſtay,
Built on a riſing Brow, where *Alleys* meet,
And juſtling to a point, contend to have your Feet.
One ſhews the Proſpect where * *Ar'conium* ſtands,
On the indulgent Boſom of the Plains:
And (Lo) the *Minſter* lifts his Head in view,
As taught by Him, the Leſſer *Temples* do,
And the † *Lay* Crowd obſerve their Reverend
(*Paſtors* too.
There wanton *Wye* pours down his headlong
(Waves,
And ſometimes glibly Swims, and ſometimes mad-
(ly Raves;

* *Hereford.* † The Houſes.

Sometimes

Sometimes his Waters *friendly* Kiſs the Shore,
Anon *fall out*, and in meer Scorn daſh o're,
And Drown the Neighbouring Fields, and (Foam and Roar.
Far beyond this, to diſtant *Wales* the ſight
Purſues Its proſpect with inceſſant flight,
Nor ſtops till it has reach'd the very Verge of (Night.
Juſt oppoſite to this, another Walk
Looks down upon a peaceful * Valley Folk,
Whom Fate a fruitful Soil in private gave,
And bade Them happy live, even in the Grave.
'Long with your Eyes the winding Valley runs,
And leads Them on, and calls Them back, at once.
Another lays huge *Malvern* Hills in view;
And every *Path* preſents a Proſpect new:
Where Active *Froomy* cuts Its liquid way,
And where Its Owner bids that Current ſtay,
And for Its paſſage wonted † Tribute pay.

* *Stoke.* † A Mill belonging to the Houſe.

Where

Where Stripling Trees run down in decent Rows,
And form the Grand Approach up to the Houſe:
Quite to the Road thoſe Verdant Arches lead,
And whiſper Welcome o're the Stranger's Head.
There gentle *Zephir* Sports his limber Wings,
And *Philomel* with her full Choir Sings.
See there the Chappel where your Anceſtors,
With bended Knees put up Accepted Prayers,
And Dy'd in Faith of having you their Heirs.
But now your weary Eyes can hardly reach
To ſee where your own Fields their liberal Compaſs fetch:
To ſee what Pleaſures do Adorn each Place,
And the Nice Order of their Beauty trace.
See nearer then, a Walk direct attends,
And as you tread upon it, ſee! it bends,
And falls on purpoſe to a mild deſcent,
And yields you Home, and further Toil prevents.
Through Ever-open Doors unſtaid you go,
The Ever-open Doors are thought too few,
For Ever-open Hearts you keep within them too.
Courteous, not Formal, Handſom, yet not Proud,
Rich for no other End but to be Good:
To Virtues utmoſt pitch you bravely go;
Are Good, and yet not Proud of being ſo.
As the Houſe high, the Cellars ſink as low,
Where as from Springs the numerous Liquors flow:
Liquors, not ſtrange, but Natives of the Place,
That free in Goblets rowl, ne'er priſon'd up in Glaſs:
It values not *Oporto*, nor the *Rhine*,
But boaſts the better Name of *Longworth* Wine,
And dares oppoſe with That, the Oſtentatious Vine.

FINIS.